

THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

SEPTEMBER, 1853.

No. 9.

RETRIBUTION ON THE UNMERCIFUL.

JESUS' words, with regard to our future, were not all pleasing promises. We are apt to forget the fact, but fact it is, that the most terrible denunciations of future woe that were ever uttered upon the earth were uttered by Jesus Christ. And those denunciations are not few in number. If you doubt my statement, turn to the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth chapters of St. Matthew; read them, and the parallel Gospel passages indicated in any reference Bible, and ask yourselves then, if Jesus did not teach a great deal of a terrible future. If, by this research, you find our Master foretelling dreadful evils upon the wrong-doer, and you believe his assertion of an unerring certainty in his words, you will agree with me that any obliteration of a belief in a retribution is unfortunate. Unfortunate, because a man, lulled into a careless security, may awaken too late to the knowledge that the foretellings of Jesus were true. If you do not believe Jesus because of his own assertion; if you are not a Christian, and require external proof, remember that eighteen centuries ago, when every man's hand was against his brother man, when the sick were left to perish by the way-side, when scourging and crucifixion were common punishments, when the laborer was almost a brute, and the great and rich were to him as gods, when knowledge was limited to the smallest minority of human beings, — he taught of a universal brotherhood. And now it is sufficient to say, that we have still instinct with life

amongst us the biographies of Howard and Piren and Worcester and Channing, and him who first preached the common school. Will the words of Jesus pass away? My last illustrations have been of glorious promises. These promises have been and are proving true every hour. And now let us not forget that he who gave the promises, gave the threatenings also. "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." "The lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looks not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and shall appoint him his portion with the hypocrites: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." And again, "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment." One of the blindest pieces of folly that man can be guilty of is that of clinging to the promises of the Gospels, and forgetting these its threatenings. Punishment is as sure as reward: horrors for the wicked, as sure as joys for the good. They rest on the same authority, and that authority is not divided. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Of course they who are not merciful will not obtain mercy.

At the present day, it is a favorite theory among many, with regard to Christianity, that it refers much more to this present life than it has hitherto been supposed to do. And I have thought, that, were men's lives studied aright, we could trace, in many instances, such unfailing retribution in the denial of mercy to those who had been unmerciful, as would prove a solemn warning to all who have any of existence yet before them. My theory, in its *a priori* statement, may seem fanciful. But bear with me while I bring before you some facts from history that will be found at least pleasing, if not instructive. In the year 1807, a great and noble spirit was passing from the earth. I allude to the illustrious Charles James Fox. He had through life labored hard for the world's peace, for freedom of speech and of the press, and the general elevation of humanity. With a constitution shattered and enfeebled, he was, in the year I have named, as chief of the English administration, endeavoring to do away with the accursed slave-trade. His labors in this cause were great and wearing. Day after day, sick and weary, he was compelled to do battle on the subject, in the House of Commons, with a fierce and stubborn

opposition, and in the palace with an equally stubborn king. If there was an object of pity in the higher ranks of England, it was this great man. To be sick, and feel that he still must labor, to feel that a great party were dependent on his efforts, and that humanity needed him, must have been sad and dreadful. How anxiously he must have deprecated all needless party strife! How strongly he must have felt that a day was gained when it had passed away, and he realized that his strength had not been needlessly abated! It was a reprieve from the grave. It was one more chance gained for a little longer life. Here was an opportunity for an opponent to be merciful. Here was an opportunity to test the truth of the fifth beatitude. And one man did test it; but, alas for him! he tested it in the wrong way. Fox, as I have said, was advocating a bill for the abolition of the slave-trade. George Canning, then a young and most brilliant man, was a member of the House of Commons. On the subject under consideration, he agreed so fully with Mr. Fox as to declare "that it was impossible for the ingenuity of man to devise a form of words for the repeal of the slave-trade, in which he should not concur." But Mr. Fox was a political opponent; and Mr. Canning, full of the strength and buoyant spirits of an unbroken manhood, felt a pleasure in opposing, attacking, and impeding him, every step of his way. To this sick and saddened man he showed no mercy. The result to one of them let another tell. "The effect of this incessant warfare upon the enfeebled frame of Fox, already sinking under a severe illness, was fatal in the end. He struggled as long as he could; attended the House night after night to answer Canning. But his opponent was too young and elastic for him; and at last he was missed from his accustomed seat. These debates had broken him down. He wished to breathe the air of St. Anne's Hill; but the journey, short as it is, was impossible in his state, and the Duke of Devonshire proposed that he should break it by resting on the way, at the Duke's villa at Chiswick. He was removed to Chiswick, where he lingered a few days and died." In no long time came Canning's triumph. His keen reasoning and brilliant eloquence easily obtained for him the splendid position of leader in the House of Commons. Cabinets and administrations were formed, and Canning had to be included in them. He was one of the leading and most influential statesmen of the world. He

became successively Secretary of State, received the appointment of Governor-General of India, and to a foreign embassy; was the constant associate of kings, ambassadors, and nobles. What had the fifth beatitude to do with him? Let us pass on and see. The great, but ill-fated Whig leader for twenty years had filled a grave. In 1827 another leader of an administration was wanted, and Canning stepped to the highest place a statesman then could reach. He became the English Premier. But then *his* health was failing, and *his* burden of care too great. The drama of 1807 was acted over again. I quote from another: "Mr. Canning was literally baited in both Houses. . . . His eminence, his popularity, his talents, made him the prey of envy and detraction; and this was the ground of hostility upon which he was hunted to the death, when official difficulties were thickening around him, and his health was giving way under mental and physical sufferings. They chose their moment well, and used it remorselessly. . . . The exertions he had latterly been compelled to make, operating upon a peculiarly sensitive constitution, speedily began to display their terrible effects. The excitement of the session was at last over, and there was leisure now for the fatal struggle between disease and the powers of life. . . . On the 20th of July, Mr. Canning removed to the Duke of Devonshire's villa, which his grace had lent to him for change of air; the same villa and the same room to which Fox, under circumstances painfully similar and at the same age, had also removed to die." And there, on the 8th of August following, that brilliant, gifted, and wretched man expired. Am I fanciful when I say that in the case of Canning we see the fulfilment of that saying of Jesus, "As ye mete to others, it shall be measured to you again"? Am I fanciful, or has the world been blind? Can we not trace a retribution, too, in the life and death of Canning's great political chief? At the height of the power of the second Pitt, suffering and oppressed men in Great Britain formed associations or coalitions for the redress of their dread evils. The arrogant minister crushed them remorselessly. The only hopes that had for years sprung up in saddened human hearts he broke and blighted. He had a mighty following then. The wealth, the aristocracy, the sovereignty of his nation were with him. What had he to do with the fifth beatitude? Pitt was great, but God's providence was greater. In a few years out from the great

store-house of that providence, was brought an evil that Pitt dreaded, — the doctrine of republicanism in Europe. He then was glad to form an association, a coalition. Every hope he had was centred upon that. He watched it with anxiety, he watched it with agony. The day of Austerlitz crushed it as remorselessly as he had crushed the associations of Ireland, and the coalitions of the Friends of the People. When that great man went down to his grave, in a misery that many a slave might pity, was there no retribution then? Any one, in reading the very well-known facts of Napoleon's detention at St. Helena, — the annoyances, the privations, the disagreeable restraints, he underwent there, — can hardly escape the idea of a providential retribution. He had been through life a relentless jailer. Many who had fallen into his hands, in his day of power, had been most harshly and needlessly restrained of freedom. And, at last, the mercy he had denied to others, he craved in vain. Perhaps these examples all seem too far off. I will leave them with one remark. If George Canning, if the greater Pitt, if the still greater emperor of France, could not escape the doom of the unmerciful, can you point out any escape for us, if we shall be unmerciful?

But it is not alone in the lives of the great that one can read the lesson. It can be studied in the village as well as in the empire. I have seen a man whose life has been mainly passed in a little town, whose example may well warn us. In his day of strength, with wealth and talent and energy and many means of blessing all around him, he has refused to promote social life, and friendly sympathy, and public good. The lonely have appealed to him in vain for social pleasures; the wearied and the young have asked in vain that he should make spring up around them sources of rest and recreation. They have asked him to bless them, for they needed blessing, and he has refused. He was hard, cold, unmerciful. The multitude, invariably believing that a "man's life consisteth in the abundance of things that he possesses," have, perchance, thought him happy. But a steadier, deeper look than the multitude gives, has shown an old age without the resources of hope and social life and public sympathies, and the varied enjoyments that nature craves. And any eye, trained to understand such a condition, could see such an old age gloomy, fretful, querulous, and constantly harrassed by hypochondria, that most dreadful of all evils known this side the grave.

Study the old age of any man who has been unmerciful to the social or individual wants of a community, and see how much of mercy he has stored up for his day of earthly account. I have seen a father, anxious for his own child's advancement, get for him every advantage that he could in science, art, literature, for health, strength, and knowledge of the world. But, at the same time, he forgot the less favored children about him, in the selfish hope that his child might soar proudly above them. This was unmerciful. And I have seen retribution there. I have seen such hopes utterly, bitterly blighted; and blighted by the very means that hard selfishness, or, what is equally bad, merciless indifference, had taken to gratify its pride. You will see many such cases. Do not pass them by without study. The words of Jesus are worth verifying.

One often hears the question, "What have I done, that I must suffer so?" It is, especially, a very common question with the old; as in age the retributions seem to accumulate. The question should be two-fold rather than single. It should be, "What have I done, *or left undone*, that I should suffer so?" There are two ways of being unmerciful; the one positive, the other negative. Let me illustrate each kind. Perhaps a man finds that the world judges him harshly, that it says cruel and bitter things of him, and he feels them keenly, and others do not defend him. Very often, if such a man will look back over his existence, he may find the cause in his own unmerciful judgments of others. Again: perhaps a man finds his property, in many respects, a source of vexation and misery. It would be well for him to look back, and see whether he has never oppressed a debtor, or dealt hardly with the poor. But these illustrations of the positive form of unmercifulness I need not continue. The negative form of the sin is much the more common. Have you ever counted up your sins of omission towards your brother man? You have known for years that many have wanted the social advantages that you and your children enjoy. Have you striven earnestly that these social advantages should be equally possessed by all? that they should flow in a broader channel, and give brightness, freshness, verdure, over a wider tract of society? Have you ever seen any meaning in Jesus' command, "But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind"? You have known for years that many people have

been complaining that they had to work too hard, and that their work is but poorly remunerated. Have you ever examined into the grounds of this complaint, patiently, kindly, lovingly? Have you ever thought of striving to remove them? Have you learned the condition of the sick in your town, as they would have you learn it? Have you faithfully striven to meet the feelings of all you have known, and to give the sympathy that they have needed? Have you striven to alleviate every instance of mortification and disappointment? Have you endeavored to soothe the repentant, and reclaim the sinful? These questions go none too far. Add to them, think how you have refrained from mercy, and then think how God may refrain too.

I have brought forward signal instances of the retribution being like the sin it followed. I would not be understood, however, as asserting that the punishment is always the same in kind with the sin. Far from that. I presume some men may have committed murder, and not have been murdered in return. But I believe such men may have suffered an agony of remorse that may have been a retribution for their want of mercy.

Do not believe, because you cannot always trace a retribution, that it never comes. I cannot myself conceive of any cause spoken of by Jesus Christ as having a certain effect, failing of having that effect; of any antecedent failing of the consequence that he foretells. Men are very ignorant on all his teachings. They do not make out half as many sins as he does. Where he would have exerted himself to make any human being happy, most of his professed followers find no duty incumbent upon them. They shut their eyes till the unerring retribution finds them out, strikes them down, annihilates every enjoyment, makes life a desolation, and then they ask, "What have I done?" "What have you done!" You have lived in a world that you knew was not a happy world. But, forgetful of everybody else, you have thought of yourself alone. Or, if you have done aught for mankind, it has been to supply only their most pressing, absolute physical wants, when you knew that they wanted a thousand other things beside food and clothing and shelter. "What have you done!" You have taken the great commandment, "*All things whatsoever ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them,*" and made it read "*a few things,*"

not "all things." And if for this a terrible retribution comes, bow in humility, and know that you deserve it.

The retribution may be a long time coming, but do not expect to escape Omniscience. Cyrus, king of Persia, took captive Croesus the king of Lydia. He ordered Croesus to be put to death. When the latter had reached the scaffold, he called many times, "Solon, Solon." Cyrus was moved to ask why he called on Solon. Croesus said, that, sometime before, Solon had visited him; and he, being desirous to dazzle the great Grecian by his splendors and enjoyments, showed him all his treasures and sources of happiness, and, I believe, asked him the question whether he, the king of Lydia, must not be a happy man. The distinguished visitor answered, "Call no man happy till he dies!" And, when on the scaffold, Croesus remembered what the wise man told him. He had never dreamed, in his day of prosperity, of a captive's hardships and a captive's death. Like Croesus are many other men. They need reminding that a man knows not what may happen to him till his death. I have often been forcibly reminded of this fact by a scene from Scott, which is most true to nature, if not true in fact. "Hear me, hear me, noble prince," said Nigel Oliphaunt: "you, even you yourself, may one day ask to be heard, and in vain." "How, sir," said the prince haughtily, "how am I to construe that, my lord?" And well might the proud heir of Britain, the descendant of an hundred kings, accomplished as warriors and statesmen, ask that question. When could he ask for what he could not command? But the hour came. Charles Stuart stood a prisoner on trial for life before stern, triumphant enemies. Two or three times they asked him for his defence. Two or three times he refused to answer. But at last he asked to be heard, and he asked in vain. Truly, "History is philosophy teaching by examples." And the examples all go to prove that Jesus could not be mistaken. Let us heed his philosophy, and the examples we can then study without the sympathy of dread.

I have spoken thus far of a retribution on the earth. But the apostle speaks of a "second death," and says again, "After death the judgment." And I fear that a plain, unvarnished consideration of the words of our Master, all tend to the same belief. And I often think that the retribution that seems to be escaped

from here, will yet be found in another world. When the great curtain that now hides the drama of Eternity shall be lifted, we may see men there acting a part correlative to that which they have enacted here. He who has been the oppressor here, may be the oppressed there. He who has been the tyrant here, shall be the tyrant's victim there. The hard creditor of this world shall be the suffering debtor of that. The man who has neglected the wants of labor here, may toil unresting and unrewarded there. The one who has trifled with any human feeling here, may have his heart wrung with a similar anguish there. In fine, the one who has neglected any cry of distress here, saying, "I don't understand such distress, and, if I did, I have no time to attend to it," will be the suppliant there, and will supplicate in vain. Jesus tells us of those who shall knock at the door and ask admission, but shall be too late.

J. B. W.

 FUNERAL HYMN.

For the occasion of the Funeral Discourse, preached in George-street Chapel, in remembrance
of Dr. Gavin Russell.

OUR brother is not dead ;
He is not in his grave ;
Earth to the earth indeed returns,
The soul "to God who gave."

His love of God and man
Was life that never dies ;
Through this he finds God's own repose
Of balanced energies.

Oh, tell me not he sleeps
Within the house of Death :
"My Father's house receives him now,"
The holy Saviour saith.

His resurrection's past,
We see our brother rise,
As called by Him he loved, to dwell
"This day in paradise."

C. H. A. D.

WORDS OF A BELIEVER.

TRANSLATED FROM L'ABBE DE LA MENNAIS.

POVERTY AND ITS CURE.

You are in this world as strangers.

Go to the north and the south, to the east and to the west; in what place soever you may tarry, you will find a man who will drive you thence, saying, This field is mine.

And, after having travelled through the country, you will return, knowing that there is nowhere a miserable little spot of earth where your wife may bring forth her first-born; or where you may repose after the toils of the day; or where, arrived at your latter end, your children may bury your bones in a place that may be yours.

This is, certainly, a great evil.

Yet, nevertheless, you ought not too much to afflict yourselves; for it is written by him who has saved the human race, "The fox has his hole, and the birds of the air their nest; but the Son of man has not where to lay his head."

Now, he became poor to teach you to bear your poverty.

It is not that poverty comes from God, but it is a consequence of the corruptions and of the evil lusts of men; this is always the cause of poverty.

Poverty is the child of sin, of which the root is in every man, and of slavery, of which the root exists in every society.

But the poor will always diminish, because slavery will gradually disappear from society.

Would you labor to destroy poverty, labor to destroy sin, in yourself first, then in others, and servitude in society.

It is not by taking that which belongs to others that poverty can be destroyed; for how, by making people poor, can we diminish the number of the poor?

Each is entitled to preserve that which he has: without this, no one would possess any thing.

But each is entitled to acquire by his labor that which he has not; without which, poverty would be eternal.

Set free, then, your labor, set free your arms, and poverty shall no longer dwell amongst men, but as an exception permitted of God, to remind them of the infirmity of their nature, and of the mutual assistance and love which they owe to each other.

ORDER AND JUSTICE.

When all the earth groaned, waiting for deliverance, a voice arose in Judea, the voice of him who came to suffer and to die for his brethren, and whom some amongst them called in disdain the son of the carpenter.

The son, then, of the carpenter, poor and forsaken of this world, said :

Come unto me, all you who sink beneath the weight of your toil, and I will sustain you.

And from that time unto this day, not one of those who have believed in him has remained without consolation in his misery.

To heal the evils which afflict men, he preached to all justice, which is the beginning of charity ; and charity, which is the consummation of justice.

Now, justice commands us to respect the rights of others ; and charity sometimes would have us even to forego our own, to procure peace or some other good.

What would the world be, if right no longer reigned in it, if each were not in security in himself, and enjoyed not fearlessly that which belonged to him ?

Better would it be to live in the recesses of the forests than in a society thus given over to robbery.

That which you shall take to-day, another will take from you to-morrow. Men would be more miserable than the birds of the air, from whom the other birds seize neither their food nor their nest.

What is a poor man ? It is he who has acquired no possessions.

What does he desire ? To cease to be poor ; that is to say, to gain possessions.

Now he who robs, who plunders, what does he, if not to annihilate as much as in him lies the very principle of possession ?

To plunder, to rob, is then to attack the poor as well as the rich ; it is to overthrow the foundation of every society amongst men.

Whoever possesses nothing, cannot attain to possess, but because others already possess; since they only can give him something in exchange for his labor.

Order is the good, the interest of all.

Drink not, then, of the cup of crime: at the bottom is bitter distress, and agony, and death.

THE FUTURE.

And I beheld the evils that happen upon the earth: the weak oppressed; the righteous begging his bread; the wicked raised to honor, and pampered with riches; the innocent condemned by iniquitous judges, and his children as vagabonds under the sun.

And my soul was sad, and hope departed from it on every side, as from a broken vessel.

And God sent me a deep slumber.

And in my sleep I saw as it were a bright form standing near me, a Spirit, whose mild and searching glance pierced even to the recesses of my most secret thoughts.

And I trembled neither with joy nor with fear, but with a feeling that was an inexpressible blending of them both.

And the Spirit said unto me, Wherefore art thou sad?

And I answered, weeping, Oh, behold the evils that are upon the earth!

And the celestial form smiled an ineffable smile, and these words reached my ear: .

Thine eye sees nothing but through the delusive medium that the creature calls time. Time is but for thee: there is no time with God.

And I held my tongue, for I understood not.

Suddenly the Spirit said, Look!

And without there being for me any longer either before or after, I saw at once that which men in their weak and faltering speech call the past, the present, and the future.

And they all were but one; nevertheless, to say what I beheld, I must descend again into the bosom of time, and speak in the weak and faltering language of men.

And the whole human race appeared to me but as one man.

And that man had done much evil, little good; he had felt many sorrows and few joys.

And he was there lying in his misery upon the frozen or scorching earth, meagre, famished, suffering, weighed down by languor mixed with convulsion, laden with chains forged in the habitations of demons.

His right hand had fettered his left, and the left had fettered the right; and in the midst of his evil dreams he so rolled himself in his chains, that his whole body was covered and bound by them.

For as soon as they touched him, they sank in his skin like molten lead: they entered into his flesh, and came not out again.

And I perceived that this was man.

And behold! a ray of light shone from the east, and a ray of love from the south, and a ray of strength from the north.

And these three rays met together upon the heart of this man.

And when the ray of light shone, a voice said, Son of God, brother of Christ, know that which thou oughtest to know.

And when the ray of love shone, a voice said, Son of God, brother of Christ, love him whom thou oughtest to love.

And when the ray of strength shone, a voice said, Son of God, brother of Christ, do that which thou oughtest to do.

And when the three rays were united, the three voices blended together also, forming but one voice, which said,

Son of God, brother of Christ, serve God, and serve him only.

And then that which had hitherto seemed to me but as one man, appeared to me as a multitude of people and of nations.

And my first glance did not deceive me, neither did my second glance deceive me.

And these tribes and nations, waking up from their bed of anguish, began to say within themselves, —

Whence come our sufferings and our weakness, the hunger and the thirst that continually torment us, and enter into our flesh?

And their understanding was opened; and they comprehended that the children of God, that the brothers of Christ, were not condemned by their Father to slavery, and that this slavery was the cause of all their ills.

Each then endeavored to break his chains, but none amongst them succeeded.

And they looked one upon another with great pity; and, love working within, they said to themselves, We have all the same thought, why have we not all the same heart? Are we not all

children of the same God? brothers of the same Christ? Let us save ourselves, or die together.

And having said this, they felt within themselves a divine strength, and I heard their chains crack; and they were free.

And the earth which was withered, renewed her verdure, and all were able to eat of the fruits thereof, and to come and to go without any one to say, Whither goest thou? Thou must not pass by this.

And the little children gathered flowers, and brought them to their mothers, who smiled gently upon them.

And there were amongst them neither poor nor rich; for all had in abundance the things sufficient for their wants, because that all loved and helped each other as brethren.

And a voice, like the voice of an angel, sounded in heaven, Glory to God, who has given knowledge, and love, and strength to his children! Glory to Christ, who has restored strength to his children!

ONENESS OF EFFORT.

When one amongst you suffers an injustice; when, in his passage through this world, the oppressor overthrows him, and plants his foot upon him; if he complains, there is none to hear him.

The cry of the poor ascends up to God, but it reaches not to the ear of man.

And I inquired of myself, Whence cometh this evil? Is it that He who has created the poor as well as the rich, the weak as well as the strong, would wish to take from some all fear in their iniquities, and from the others all hope in their misery?

And I beheld that this was a horrible thought, a blasphemy against God.

Because each amongst you loves only himself, because he separates himself from his brethren, because he is alone, and wills to be alone, therefore his cry is not heard.

In the spring, when all is reanimated, there issues from the grass a sound as of a long murmur.

This sound, formed of many countless voices, is the cry of an innumerable multitude of poor, little, imperceptible insects.

Not one of them would singly be audible; but together their voice is heard.

You thus are hidden beneath the grass: why does no voice ascend up from it?

If you desire to pass a swift river, you form yourselves in a long file of two rows; and, drawing near to the stream, those who could not alone have resisted the strength of the waters, cross it without difficulty.

Do thus, and you will break the course of iniquity, which carries away those that are alone, and casts them back broken upon the shore.

Let your resolutions be slow, but steady. Yield not, neither to the first nor to the second inclination.

But, if injustice has been committed against you, begin by banishing from your heart every feeling of hatred; and then, lifting up your hands and your eyes, say to your Father which is in heaven:

O Father! thou art the defender of the innocent and of the oppressed; for it is thy love that has created the world, and thy justice that governs it.

Thou wouldst have it to reign over the earth; and the wicked, with his evil, opposes it. Therefore have we resolved to labor for the destruction of this evil.

O Father! give counsel to our mind, and strength and courage to our souls.

When you shall have thus prayed in the depth of your soul, labor, and fear nothing.

If success at first seem doubtful, it is but for a trial, it will come in the end; begin your glorious struggle, your labors can never be lost: your sufferings shall soften the hearts of your persecutors, and the blood of the martyrs shall regenerate the world.

THE CONSPIRACY OF KINGS, AND THE TREACHERY OF PRIESTS.

And it was dark night; a starless sky weighed upon the earth as a lid of black marble upon a tomb.

And the silence of that night was unbroken, save by an unknown sound, as of a light flapping of wings, that from time to time was heard above the fields and the cities.

And the shades thickened, and each felt his soul straitened within itself, and a thrill ran through his veins.

And in a chamber hung with black, and lighted by a reddish lamp, seven men clothed in purple, each wearing upon his head a crown, were seated upon seven seats of iron.

And in the midst of the chamber rose a throne composed of bones; and at the foot of the throne, after the manner of a foot-stool, was a crucifix reversed; and before the throne was a table of ebony; and on the table a vase full of blood, red and foamy, and a human skull.

And the seven men wearing the crowns were thoughtful and sad; and from the depth of the hollow socket, from time to time, glared out sparks of livid fire.

And one amongst them, having risen, drew near to the table, tottering, and put his foot upon the crucifix.

And at this moment his limbs trembled, and he was ready to faint. The others looked at him motionless, and they made not the smallest movement; but a something passed over their brow, and a smile that was not of man contracted their lips.

And he who had appeared ready to faint, stretched forth his hand, and seized the vase full of blood, and poured of it into the skull, and drank it.

And the drink seemed to strengthen him.

And lifting up his head, this cry issued from his breast as a hoarse rattling:

Accursed be Christ, who has restored Liberty to the earth!

And the six other crowned men rose up together, and together they uttered the same cry:

Accursed be Christ, who has restored Liberty to the earth!

After which, having again sat down upon their seats of iron, the first said:

My brothers, what shall we do to quench Liberty? For our reign is over when that begins. Our cause is the same. Our cause is one. Let each propose what seemeth best to him.

Here is the counsel that I give. Before Christ came, who stood before us? It is his religion that is our destruction: let us abolish the religion of Christ.

And they all replied, It is true: let us abolish the religion of Christ.

And the second advanced towards the throne, and took the

human skull, and having poured out the blood into it, he drank it, and said thus :

It is not religion alone that we ought to abolish, but science and thought likewise ; for science teaches that which it is not good for us that man should know, and thought is always ready to kick against strength.

And they all replied, It is true : let us abolish science and thought.

And having done like as the two first had done, a third said :

When we shall have thrust men back again into brutishness, by taking from them religion and science and thought, we shall have done much ; but there will yet remain for us something else to do.

The brute has dangerous instincts and sympathies. No nation must hear the voice of any other nation, lest that one wailing and bestirring himself, this one may be tempted to imitate him. Let no sound from without be heard amongst us.

And they all answered, It is true : let no sound from without be heard amongst us.

And the fourth said, We have our interest, and the people have likewise their interest opposed to ours. If they unite to defend against us their interests, how shall we resist them ?

Let us divide to reign. Let us create in every province, in every city, in every hamlet, an individual interest, in opposition to the interest of the other hamlets, the other cities, the other provinces.

And thus they will all hate each other, and they will forget to unite together against us.

And all answered, It is true : let us divide to reign : concord would destroy us.

And a fifth, having twice filled of the blood, and twice drained the human skull, said, I approve of all these methods : they are good ; but they are not enough. To brutify men is well ; but frighten the brutes, strike them with terror by an inexorable justice and by atrocious punishments, if you would not that sooner or later you should be devoured by them. The executioner is the prime minister of a good prince.

And they all answered, It is true : the executioner is the prime minister of a good prince.

And a sixth said :

I acknowledge the advantage of speedy, terrible, and inevitable punishments. Nevertheless, there are strong souls and desperate souls that brave punishments.

Would you easily govern men, effeminate them by luxury. Virtue avails us nothing ; it feeds strength : let us rather exhaust by corruption.

And they all answered, It is true : let us exhaust strength and energy and courage by corruption.

Then the seventh, having, as the others, drank of the human skull, spoke in this manner, with his feet upon the crucifix :

Down with Christ ! There is war unto the death, eternal war between him and us.

But how shall we draw off the nations from him ? This is a vain attempt. What, then, shall we do ? Listen to me : let us gain over to us the ministers of Christ with wealth and honors and power.

And they will command the people, on the part of Christ, to be subject to us in all things, whatever we may do, whatsoever we may ordain.

And the people will believe them, and they will obey by conscience, and our power will be stronger than heretofore.

And they all answered, It is true : let us gain over to us the priests of Christ.

And suddenly the lamp that lighted the chamber went out, and the seven men were separated from each other in the darkness.

And it was said to a just one, at that moment watching and praying before the cross : Thy day draweth nigh. Worship, and fear nothing.

LETTER FROM CANADA.

TORONTO, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Soon after I returned here, occurred the first Provincial Fair that has taken place in Toronto since our arrival. It is held every year in the different cities of Upper Canada; and, as a shoemaker told me that he took \$800 in cash on one day of the busy week on which it was held, you will not wonder that it does not always come to the capital. Arrangements were made for it in a grassy park belonging to the University, and it seemed to me to combine all that we mean by a Cattle Show and a Mechanics' Fair. I went on the "people's day," for I wished to mingle once in a British crowd; but one stroke of the lion's paw will do: I shall not try it again. I have often observed since I came to the Province, that womanhood, in order to be respected, must be preceded by a footman and lights, — quite unnecessary accompaniments in the United States. The fair was badly managed. It covered so wide an extent, that it was impossible to insist on the visitors preserving a settled routine; and in the Floral Hall, appropriated to ladies' work, pictures, and so forth, the crush came nearer to being my death than any thing I ever encountered. A few things beside the rough police, — the odd jargon of the crowd, who talked Gaelic, Irish, and Welsh, Cornish, Yorkshire, and Cockney, and the Union Jack, reminded me that I was in a foreign land. First was the heavy iron-work, every stove and shovel weighing at least three times as much as the same article would weigh in New England; then some figures of the size of life, representing armed knights of the middle ages, adroitly carved in wood; rugs made of all the different furs that Canada is known to produce, and cabinet-work inlaid with all her native woods. Competitors entered freely from the State of New York, and many of them carried off prizes. I was glad to see them here, if it were only that they might have an opportunity to improve their farm-stock. Horses, cows, sheep, and poultry were among the articles exhibited; and I have never seen any that would compare with them for variety in kind and excellence of condition. Every day, during Fair week, cattle and horses paraded through our principal street, accompanied by

jockeys, who looked as if they had started, in red jackets and long boots, out of the plates to the very oldest edition of Sandford and Merton. The fine draught and race horses made the procession worth seeing. In one day, more than thirty thousand persons visited the ground, and this in a city which had no railroad open. Imagine how all manner of lodgings were crowded, and how sufficient shelter and food for horses became impossible.

Next in order came an exhibition of paintings and engravings gotten up to benefit an Episcopal Church in this city. Grievously punished, if they but knew it, were the sectarians whom anti-churchism kept away from this show. To name a few of them will but be to give you a clearer idea of the position and weight of Episcopacy here. There was the death of Seneca by Spagnoletto, and an Antiochus and Stratonike by Nicholas Poussin, which have been in the families of their present owners for three hundred years. There were Vandermeers on copper, so exquisite that one unlucky wight, whose creative and receptive faculties were a little out of order, declared that, if catching their owner and boiling him down in oil would insure him safe possession, he would not hesitate one moment! There was a Svaneveldt whose sweet transparent color will never fade from my memory, a pure cold mountain stream by Watelet, and a portrait of William by his favorite Maes, set in a queer old carved frame, representing the battle of the Boyne. Still rarer was an original portrait in enamel of Edward VI., which once belonged to the Viceroy of Peru. Those who know how few were ever taken of this young prince may estimate its value if they can. It would be useless to speak of the water-colors of Moncheron and Patet. What little appreciation untravelled Americans have of these, they owe to the few specimens sent of late years to the Anti-slavery Bazaar. Your intelligent readers will start when I tell them that among our engravings were a set of four from the hand of Salvator Rosa, and two artists' proofs from that of Rembrandt himself. I too, who have seen the best Copleys in New England, saw here one far superior to them all, superior perhaps on account of its finer preservation; a picture which must henceforth hang on *my* walls, whenever I choose to summon it thither. Do not think me extravagant, if I say that such an exhibition could not be made in Boston. You will ask, if, apart from their owners, we have here any connoisseur in art, upon whose judgment we may

depend. Yes, we have our late Vice-Chancellor Jameson, the husband of the accomplished chronicler of "Ancient and Legendary Art."

Since the Gallery closed, the Normal School buildings for Canada West have been finished, and dedicated by a public service. They are on a magnificent scale, and are to be surrounded by a model farm, botanical gardens, gymnastic areas, and I know not what. They look like a small village of brick and stone; and, fine as they are, it makes me sad to look at them. They could not have been erected in New England nor anywhere, where the government was wholly free from the despotic elements of the Old World. Enlightened rulers cannot make a country ready to govern itself in one generation. The blessings of a free education and more liberal political institutions are being forced, as it were, upon the "mass" of Upper Canada long before they are ready for them, and when they begin to feel the weight of the necessary taxes. I cannot help thinking there will be some confusion in public affairs. The addresses at the opening of the Normal School were supremely stupid, and there was no music. Only the Chief Justice read a gentlemanly finished address, about the blessings of an anti-sectarian education open to all. A wag behind me whispered to his neighbor, that he did not think the Chief Justice would dwell with so much unction upon his principles, if he thought there was any danger of their immediate general acceptance. This place used to be called "muddy York:" changing its name has not changed its nature, and the Model School is closed until the city authorities create side-walks and crossings to the new buildings. When I see one of these wooden causeways thrown across a street, I think I have a faint idea of what it would be to bridge the Dismal Swamp.

The last short session of Parliament did little for the country. It succeeded in passing the Grand Trunk Railroad Bill, amid lively discussion. A curious correspondence has been lately going on between one Roman Catholic Bishop and the Chief Superintendent on the subject of *Separate Schools*. Dr. Ryerson annihilates the Bishop in a series of masterly letters. The latter is foolish enough to claim for his sovereign the best consolidated power in Europe, and asserts that the conversion of the world having been intrusted by God to the Roman Catholic Church, "the Pope, the Bishops, and Fathers have hitherto everywhere

done every thing in their power to overthrow every school or university system opposed to the mission given by Jesus Christ to his sacred college!" Dr. Ryerson recommends to him, in return, the example of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston, reminds him that the people of Canada are a law unto themselves, while the *present* "consolidated power" of his Holiness consists of a foreign army in the heart of his chief city. He thanks him courteously for the information into which his wrath had hurried him, that the church intended to do every thing in its power to overthrow the school-system of the country, and thinks the people of Canada will understand the threat! A late act of Parliament, giving the Bishop of Three Rivers power to tax the inhabitants for the erection of a cathedral, has excited warm feeling in the country. You may be surprised to learn that we have Highlanders enough in Toronto to authorize the holding of a public service in pure Gaelic once every Sunday. The city is increasing rapidly. Within a year, it is said, five railroads will be opening from it. The tears rushed to my eyes the first time I heard the whistle on the road towards Holland Landing. During several months of the year, we seem wholly isolated. Every railroad will bind us afresh to the world abroad. Never have I seen so many churches, houses, and so on, going up in any place; the latter chiefly of a superior class. It is an ill wind, it is said, that blows nobody any good; and so the rush of "Fugitives" from the United States is fast providing us with a superior class of servants, greatly needed here. As for our own church, you do not know how noble an effort our people have made to ensure the sympathy of their brethren abroad. If the health and strength of the few individuals upon whom it depends are preserved, our sewing circle will be able to add another hundred dollars before the close of the year. I wish some of your Eastern friends could drop in upon us some Wednesday evening. I have never seen any circle equal our "new broom" in energy and perseverance, unless it be that connected with the Howard Sunday School. But they had fifty members, while we, alas! have only twenty. These twenty are chiefly persons who knit and sew for their own livelihood, and who beg for sewing at every leisure moment between our weekly meetings. One hour's labor from such as these is worth a dozen spent in elegant embroidery for a bazaar by a lady of leisure.

The name of the Rev. Wm. Hincks, of Queen's College, has been handed to the Governor-General, as a candidate for the chair of Botany in our University. This would not only add a highly intelligent and influential member to our circle here, but it would undoubtedly strengthen the hands of the denomination throughout the Province.

C. W. H. D.

PASTORAL CALLS.

THE present year seems likely to be marked as one of commercial prosperity. There is an activity in every variety of pursuit: manufactures, the arts, and scientific research, are all awake to fill the demand that is made upon them. And, more and better than this, there seem unmistakable evidences that we are beginning to arouse from a spiritual lethargy, which has too long preyed upon our souls' prosperity. Our brethren of other denominations speak in their public journals "of an increased attention to eternal interests," and "revivals" are chronicled as being somewhat extensive, and giving marked evidence that they are the genuine products of heartfelt convictions.

We rejoice in all these visible tokens of external and internal improvement; of course, most of all, in the latter, without which, outward prosperity must utterly fail of becoming a blessing. But are we *all* yet renewed in the spirit of our minds? Are not some of us in danger of resisting the good influences which come knocking at the door of our hearts, and ready to defer our souls' interests until we have secured the treasures of this world, so that we can become more at ease in our possessions? As we look over an agitated community, busy in every variety of pursuit, and feel how needful is the helping hand and the watchful attention of those to whom our spiritual interests are entrusted, is it amiss, through the columns of this magazine, to say a few words upon the subject of Pastoral Calls?

We know we have faithful watchmen who preside over our churches, who prepare themselves for their sabbath services, so that the truths of the gospel are often made most cogently to

bear upon our hearts and consciences. With most of us, too, there is one or more weekly assembling in our congregations. A social sympathy is thus established, and we recognize in each other, upon such gatherings, a common desire to be accounted as true believers. Our prayers, our songs, our exhortations, all exhibit a fervor which indicates we find it good thus to be convened. But are we awakened and kept tenderly touched upon these matters by direct, frank, open conversation with our pastors? How stands the matter when we meet them in our own houses? About what do we converse? Where there has been no afflictive event, nothing to disturb the even tenor of life, how does your minister speak to you in his parochial visits? Does he make a single direct appeal to your spiritual wants? does he allude to the prosperity of your soul, or inquire concerning your progress in the divine life? "Is it well with thee, brother, or sister?" used to be the interrogation of a celebrated divine; and it had a deep meaning which often brought out the need of sympathy and direction, which enabled many a backslider to become reclaimed, ere he had entirely slipped from his firm hold. But now-a-days do we not content ourselves with expressions in the mass, — our public attendance being our only evidence of our inward desires to live conformably to the Christian character? Do we dare to unveil the inward struggles, the sincere but unexpressed longings after a better and higher life? Are we not trying to content ourselves with our unassisted efforts, seeking no sympathy, and never frankly breathing into another's ear what we should so rejoice to, if we were but encouraged to do so? Have we not all longed to pour out our very souls, to tell our struggles, to ask for help, for more than sympathy, — for *earnest prayer*, that we may successfully overcome our manifold temptations?

We will not say we have felt repelled, but we have been *awed, silenced*, in the presence of our spiritual helper, lest we should be thought singular, or make confessions which would be imperfectly understood? We have thought the matter over and over; have resolved we would unburden ourselves; that we would ask for counsel, or, in entire abandonment of what would be thought of us, that in our next interview we *would* confide to our pastor's sympathy all the yearnings we have felt toward a greater advancement in the spiritual life.

In the course of a few weeks or days, it may be, our minister is found in our home. Our resolution begins to falter; we are not quite sure we shall be able to say what we intended; we meet him in our usual health and cheerfulness; he inquires for our family; perchance desires to know how John likes his new Sunday-school teacher; speaks of a change in the books, or a new plan of interesting the classes; inquires whether James has yet arrived from California; notices that Mr. Jones has lately taken a new partner in the firm; speaks of the many sudden deaths in our society, and, after a few pauses have been filled with the "mildness of the winter" and the "doubtful yield of the ice-crop," or some such common-place expressions, he rises to leave, for he must be *brief*; and our flutterings must be stilled; we must let him go *this time* without any reference to our sense of need, or imparting to him *one* word when we had determined to say so *many*. Well, we resolve we will keep these feelings pent up in our own secret soul; for have we not heard our minister, time and again, speak of our religious experiences as being of "too sacred and too personal a character" to be obtruded into any ear, save His who alone readeth the heart? Has he not expressed his surprise, that these secret convictions, so deep, so holy, so entirely a matter between one's own soul and the Maker, should be spoken about, even as we discuss other topics of interest? And so we struggle on, feeling how much we should prize a sympathizing friend whose counsels might invigorate us, and help us on to a realization of what we feel confident we have not yet attained.

We are by no means prepared to say, that, if our ministers comprehended or suspected how deeply we laid these subjects to heart, they would withhold the freedom which we should so prize; but from the fact that they have not been accustomed to speak personally and directly to individuals, in making parochial visits, it has come to look to them almost as too delicate a subject upon which to converse; when, if an introduction were fairly made, they would rejoice to pursue the subject, and be greatly encouraged to strengthen the feeble endeavors; and thus, gaining a knowledge of our immediate wants, would not their exhortations cease to be formal and irrelevant?

Is it not strange, that, upon the subject of religious growth, we should conclude we can dispense with all sympathy or aid, when

upon every other topic we so earnestly crave it? And how few enterprises are ever successful that depend alone on single endeavor!

It may be, we have come to resist these cravings of our spirit, by sometimes witnessing the obtrusiveness with which some herald all the facts of their interior life. We are not advocates of that bold display of the operations of the spirit; there is an inner sanctuary we would shut from curious gaze, and many ejaculations from that secret chamber may go up to the Father of our spirits, of which no human eye can take cognizance; but there are hours of sadness, days of debility and languor of soul, when a quickening voice, and an assurance that others have alike been in similar straits, would greatly comfort the heart. Then it is, a minister's visits may prove invaluable. So, again, in the sunshine of life, when all is outwardly well, some simple utterances of warning may prevent our prosperity from being a deadly foe. I would say, therefore, to my friends, in all earnestness and love, We are not half faithful enough to our responsibilities; we do not "keep the covenant" "to watch over and help one another," as some of our creeds make the professor promise to do. We are too prone to resist speaking *personally*, choosing often to put a favorable construction upon the transgressor, and let the common petition "that we may all depart from evil" suffice for our endeavors, rather than seek to touch the conscience by a more timely application of kind words of affectionate interest, which might entirely effect a cure. The truth is, we want more *direct appeals*; and, if he who is mainly anxious for the salvation of his hearers would but seek in his visits to his people to become acquainted with their religious characters, he would find himself a more impressive preacher, by a few simple exhortations, than when he had consumed the midnight oil in elucidating some text, or preparing a sermon that, to a critical hearer, may exhibit a "completeness" in all its parts.

H. S. E.

CONCERN FOR THE SALVATION OF SOULS.

"FOR I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ, for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." Thus emphatically did the Apostle Paul declare his interest in, and his regard for, his countrymen. In consequence of their rejection of the Saviour, or rather their perseverance in not accepting him as the Messiah, they had forfeited their privileges, and compromised their standing, in his view, as the chosen people of God; and consequently they had exposed themselves to the severest of earthly calamities. Notwithstanding to them "pertained the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises;" notwithstanding, too, "theirs were the fathers, of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came," yet, as he appears to have conceived, inasmuch as they knew not Jesus as the Messiah and Saviour of the world, and were determined not to know him, they had ceased to be "the true Israel of God." This fact seems to have been to the apostle the source of great heaviness of heart, — a sorrow which he ever bore about with him. "I say the truth in Christ," he exclaims, "I lie not, — my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart; for I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ, for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." His sensibility was natural, and it became him; and it would have become any other Christian man under similar circumstances. Evidently enough at his point of vision, he saw only one way of escape to his countrymen from the doom that impended over them; only one way to ward off the evil with which they were threatened; and that was by turning to the Lord Jesus Christ, securing him as their Saviour, and acknowledging him as their Lord and Master. This, however, he knew full well, was what his countrymen, as a nation or in any considerable numbers, were not prepared to do, — what indeed they obstinately refused to do. They chose destruction rather than safety, dispersion abroad as a people; to be homeless wanderers among the nations of the earth, a by-word and a reproach in every land into which their weary feet might stray, rather than perpetuity as the true Israel of God.

But it cannot be supposed, or it should not be, that it was alone or mainly on account of the temporal calamities which were impending over them, that the sensibilities of the apostle were so greatly moved in behalf of his countrymen; that there was such "continual sorrow in his heart." Paul was a Christian man, an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle out of a state of bitterest hostility to him. Consequently he had learned, — he knew from what he himself had experienced, that, in rejecting Christ, his countrymen rejected the way and the means of salvation in the spiritual understanding of the word. As a people he knew that they were "dead in trespasses and sins," as he himself had been; "alienated from the life of God by wicked works," and "without hope in the world;" and that the righteousness which they possessed, and in which they trusted, was only a legal righteousness, — a righteousness consisting only in external conformity to the Mosaic law, — what as a Christian he could not have regarded as any righteousness at all. To be thus devoid of righteousness, or to possess only such a righteousness, is a far greater calamity than to be visited by any merely national evil, or to be obliged to endure any temporal sufferings, however severe. So the Apostle Paul must have felt, for he was a Christian man. His countrymen without Christ were not heirs of God. On the contrary, they were alienated from the life of God, — dead in trespasses and sins, in which "they walked according to the course of this world, — according to the spirit that everywhere worketh in the children of disobedience." As a Christian man, as a man who had himself been saved by the grace of God, and that through faith, — as a man who had the testimony of his own conscience, that the gospel of Christ was the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek; and that "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus had made him free from the law of sin and death," — as such a man, how could he help having great heaviness and continual sorrow of heart, on account of his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh, in view of their moral or spiritual condition? Would he have been an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, — one who had been visited by him in the spirit, and one who had truly learned of him, if he had not? When we take into consideration the whole character of the Apostle Paul, — his temperament, his experiences, his great labors and sufferings, his more

than heroic sacrifices as a preacher of the gospel; when we take into consideration the fact that he felt that necessity was on him to preach the gospel, and woe would be to him if he did it not, are we not warranted in the conclusion, that the strongest feelings in his heart, with reference to his countrymen, had regard to their salvation in the spiritual understanding of the word?

Concern for the salvation of souls was undoubtedly, as it must have been, a predominant feeling and powerful impulse in the heart of Paul as a Christian apostle. It was this, as it must have been, which made him feel that necessity was laid upon him to preach the gospel. This was, as it must have been, a motive to action; a summons to labor; a command to his conscience as the audible voice of God, which he knew not how to resist or to disobey. And what if, in the work given him to do, there were trials and sufferings to be borne, and sacrifices to be made? What if persecution, with all its terrible horrors, threatened him on every side? What if his life became a continual toil and anxiety, — an exposure not only to the malice and bigotry and superstition of men, but also to the dangers inseparable from a state of constant journeying? Had he not the testimony of his own conscience, the experience of his own heart, that the gospel of Christ was the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth? And moreover, as, from the high table-land of spiritual vision to which this same gospel had elevated him, he looked forth upon the world, did he not see that mankind generally were dead in trespasses and sins, — aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope and without God in the world? Concern for the salvation of souls! an impulse worked into his heart by Christ his Saviour, a feeling which had grown up within him in connection with his experiences as a Christian man; deepening with his faith, and waxing stronger and stronger, as his hopes became more definite, and his love burned with a purer flame! Could Paul have been, in any good or just sense of the word, an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, without just this feeling dwelling in his heart, and governing his will? Could he have been a Christian man without it?

The salvation of souls! Was not this the very purpose for which Christ the Saviour came into the world? Was not this the great object before him during the whole period of his sojourn among men, — in every work he performed, — in every miracle

he wrought, — in every word he uttered, — in all the trials of his life in the flesh, — in the agonies of Gethsemane, and the death-throes of Calvary? The salvation of souls! But for this, would he have left the glory he had with the Father before the world was, and taken upon him the form of a servant, and become obedient to the death of the cross? But for this, would God the Father have so wrought before the astonished eyes of the world the manifestation of his love?

Think of it as we may, the fact of human sinfulness, — the fact that without Christ we are all “dead in trespasses and sins,” under the dominion of a power which separates us far from God and a life of true holiness, — we have evil feelings and evil impulses in our hearts, and consequently and of necessity the gates of heaven are closed against us, — this fact is one of no slight, no secondary consequence in the moral universe. It could not have been regarded a fact of secondary consequence in the councils of Heaven, which planned the way of salvation by Christ. It could not have been so regarded by the angels who announced the Messiah’s birth in hallelujahs, which they chanted through the skies. It could not have been so regarded by the Saviour himself in any single moment of his abode in the flesh, as his labors and his teachings most abundantly testify. It could not have been so regarded by a single one of his apostles, or they would not have been instant in season and out of season preaching the word. Can it be so regarded by any Christian believer or Christian disciple in any age or under any circumstances?

To make light of sin; to regard it in any form of its existence as a matter of very little consequence, — a matter too unimportant in any view of it to give one’s self any concern about it, — is the most serious trifling, of which a moral and accountable being can be guilty. It is trifling, which cannot, in the nature of things, go unpunished either in this world or in the world to come. It may be, reader, that you are guilty of this sin in addition to any other sins, which are recorded against you in the book of God’s remembrance? You certainly are guilty of it, if you have never felt yourself to be a sinner, or if you have never experienced any pangs of penitence in consequence of sin, or if you think it will make any little difference in the end, how much or how little of a sinner you have been. Such trifling with sin is sin. It is to provoke the indignation of Heaven. It is to be

reprobate before God. No! sin is evil; and salvation by Jesus Christ is deliverance from sin.

Concern for the salvation of souls, it has already been remarked, was a predominant feeling and a powerful impulse in the heart of the Apostle Paul. In this regard he made full proof of his ministry, falling "not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles." Could this feeling or impulse have wrought so powerfully in him without cause? Or was it that the salvation of souls then was something to be concerned about? — something to move the heart powerfully and deeply? Paul had had experience. He knew what it was to be "without Christ," — what it was to be "alienated from the life of God." He knew what sin was, and what its effects were; how it vitiated the heart, and perverted the will, and seared the conscience; how it was the source of evil thoughts, and impure desires, and wicked purposes; how it put enmity, jealousy, and hatred between man and man; how, as a law to the soul, it held it in a miserable subjection to base passions and lust. He knew all this; for he had experienced it all, — experienced it all, notwithstanding his blameless life as a Jew. He knew, too, what it was to be made wretched in consequence of sin, — in consequence of the hold which it had of him as a law in his members, warring against the law of his mind, and this too after he had become a Christian apostle; for the effects of sin often remain long after the power of sin, as a law of the mind, has been destroyed. It was this same Christian apostle who exclaimed, in view of the fact that evil was so often present with him when he would do good, "Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" To him, whatever it may have been, or may be to others, it is quite evident, that sin was such an element of evil in the world and in his own heart, as not to be contemplated without an anxiety which was in reality dismay. As this apostle knew what it was to be without Christ — what it was to be a mere worldly-minded, worldly-feeling, and worldly-acting man, so he knew what it was to be in Christ, — what it was to be a spiritually-minded man, — what it was to be "a new creature" in Christ, — what it was to have a faith which was "the evidence of things not seen, and the substance of things hoped for," — what it was to have hopes which laid fast hold of things unseen and eternal. He knew what it was to feel that his sins had been forgiven, and that the Holy Spirit was working in him

the sanctification and redemption of his soul. His experiences embraced both states of man, — his state under sin and without Christ, — a state centring all in self; and his state as delivered from the bondage of sin and in Christ; and likewise all the secrets of that mysterious process of change by which he passed from one state into the other. In view, therefore, of the actual experiences of the apostle, it would have been a strange thing indeed, even with much less ardor of temperament, if concern for the salvation of souls had not been a predominant feeling and motive to action with him in fulfilling the duties of his apostleship.

Concern for the salvation of souls is eminently a Christian feeling, — a feeling which every Christian man and every Christian woman is expected to have, — a feeling which it would seem that every individual who has any knowledge of Jesus Christ as his Saviour must have, — a feeling which no one who has been really born again can help having; for it is a feeling wrought into the heart of the Christian by Christ himself, by the effectual working of his Holy Spirit in the soul; as much an evidence of the new birth, and an element of the Christian state of the heart, as any feeling bearing a Christian name existing there.

A Christian man or a Christian woman is one who has been saved by Christ, and who has hope in Christ; one whose affections, no longer clinging to this world, find their fullest exercise and highest enjoyment in the things of the spirit; in things which pertain to the heavenly state and the eternal world; one who lives out of self and in Christ, and who as much studies to know what his Saviour would have him do, as what he would have him be. As an all-embracing and an all-expansive love dwells in his heart, he cannot feel quite at ease under any circumstances; and, if he be a man of an ordinarily active temperament, he cannot feel at ease at all, at the thought that any people to whom the gospel is offered as the power of God unto salvation should reject it; or that, in any part of the world, people should be debarred of its privileges, or should live and die without a knowledge of it. It is not only not to be expected, but it is not conceivable, that a truly Christian man should feel any indifference or should manifest any indifference in a matter so deeply affecting the present and the eternal interests of an untold number of the human race. The cause of missions, having for an object the

giving of the gospel to all nations and people and tongues, is the cause of God and the cause of Christ; a cause dear to the Christian heart.

Consider what salvation is in the New Testament understanding of the word, — the deliverance of the soul from the dominion of sin, awakening in it feelings and hopes and desires of a truly spiritual character, and a love of whatever is true and holy and good; arming the will with an unconquerable principle of well-doing; giving to the conscience a quick and healthy sensibility, whenever it is its province to act or to discriminate; bringing man into such a union with God, that the divine will and love manifest themselves in all his ways and acts, without "let or hindrance;" and consequently establishing within him an order of government, as well as an order of life, which is truly divine: that it is all this, to say the least, and not merely external conformity to a certain set of rules and commandments found in the gospel, merely in a mechanical way showing kindness to one's neighbors, or ministering to the wants of the needy, or keeping one's self unspotted from the world; not merely professing belief in certain doctrines drawn from the gospel. Salvation is a practical power, a living energy in the soul, daily drawing it into new connections with the Spirit of God. Now, how can any one, who has found it to be this, who knows by experience that it is this, — this to say the least of it, — this in its relations to this world, not to dwell upon it in its relations to the world to come, — how can any one who knows what salvation is by experience, help being concerned for the salvation of others; help breathing the prayer for all mankind everywhere, that they may come to the knowledge of Christ, and be saved? Not only this, but how can such an one withhold his hand from doing all that within him lies to advance an object so worthy of the love of God to originate, and of all men to engage in?

We are not quite Christians, not quite faithful and earnest disciples of Christ, it is evident enough, unless we are concerned for the salvation of souls, — truly, deeply concerned; unless our hearts are really engaged in the matter, and really anxious in regard to it; not quite Christians, unless we are in a state to inquire often of our own souls, and of one another, What shall I do? and what shall we do? — not quite Christians, however near to the Christian standard we may come; we do not possess quite enough of the spirit of Christ to be his chosen disciples; not

quite enough of his spirit to do his disciples' work, or to live and labor here in the joyful expectation of his disciples' reward; although we may possess enough of his spirit to have some faint apprehensions of the beauty and excellency of his religion. Luke-warm disciples there are now, and ever have been; disciples whose anxieties extend scarcely beyond themselves; beyond being saved themselves somehow or other, and who contemplate with almost cold admiration, sometimes indeed with open disapprobation, true Christian zeal and enterprise in others; never thinking that they in whose hearts Christianity has wrought so feebly are scarcely saved at all.

Our age and day are somewhat distinguished for philanthropic enterprises and schemes of benevolence, and for no slight achievements in these departments of Christian activity. All such enterprises having for their object the relief of physical suffering; that which undertakes to supply the want of sight to the blind, and the want of speech to the dumb; that which undertakes to minister to the necessities of the sick; that which cares for the insane and idiotic; that which provides a home for neglected infancy, and a retreat for the aged; all such enterprises as look to an amelioration of human suffering, or to the lessening of human woe, are so many manifestations of the working of the Christian spirit in human hearts. But these enterprises do not exhaust Christianity. They are but a part of its work; not its first work or its chiefest work, but a work subsidiary to its chiefest work. It is a Christian deed to give alms, where alms are needed; to visit the sick, where there are sick to be visited; to clothe the naked, where there are the naked to be clothed. But the gospel of Christ, it must be borne in mind, is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" that Christ came into the world to save sinners; to call all mankind everywhere to repentance and a new life; and consequently that concern for the *salvation* of souls is pre-eminently a Christian characteristic. Let us be careful that we do not neglect the greater work, while we are not remiss in doing all that may be required of us in promoting the interests of the less. The evil is slight, under any form of disease whatever, which the body suffers, compared with the evil which the soul suffers in consequence of sin. The body is of time: the soul is for eternity.

It is worth while to inquire into this matter; to consider

whether concern for the salvation of souls is a predominant feeling in our hearts, or in any way a motive to action with us; to consider, tried by this test, what our claims are to discipleship to Jesus Christ; tried by this test, how much of Christians we are; to consider how great a value we do in reality attach to the gospel; whether it has been the power of God unto salvation to us; whether we regard it as the power of God unto salvation to all mankind; whether we desire that it may be sent to all the nations of the earth, and whether we are willing to aid in sending it. These are questions which it will be well for us to ask ourselves and to ponder. They refer to interests of vital moment to us and to all mankind; interests which have an eternal as well as a temporal bearing. Christianity is of God. It came from heaven. It was given, to man to conduct him to heaven.

R. P.

"WORK WHILE IT IS DAY."

Up! Christian, up! and sleep'st thou still?
Daylight is glorious on the hill;
And, far advanced, the sunny glow
Laughs in the joyous vale below:
The morning shadow, long and late,
Is stretching o'er the dial-plate.

And are thine eyes, sad waker, say,
Filled with the tears of yesterday?
Or lowers thy dark and anxious brow
Beneath to-morrow's burdens now?
New strength for every day is given;
Daily the manna falls from heaven.

Up! Christian, up! thy cares resign;
The past, the future, are not thine!
Show forth *to-day* thy Saviour's praise,
Redeem the course of evil days:
Life's shadow, in its lengthening gloom,
Points daily nearer to the tomb.

THE JESUITS IN PARAGUAY.

IN the year 1521, while the Emperor Charles V. and Francis I. of France were engaged in war, an army of French and Navarrese besieged the little city of Pampeluna, in the north of Spain. Among its defenders was a Biscayan Hidalgo, Ignatius Loyola by name, who had already won some fame by his daring deeds and his enthusiastic spirit. One day he was desperately wounded; and when, after a long confinement, he again breathed the free air, he was a cripple for life. All his dreams of knightly glory were gone; but in the long months of his sickness, as he read the devout words of holy men and the lives of martyred saints, a new purpose had matured in his heart. He resolved henceforth to devote himself to the service of God, and to fight with the sword of the Spirit for the rights and honors of the church.

For twelve years, in silence and restlessness, did he cherish this purpose, dearer than life. It went with him into Italian convents, amid the deserts of Syria, through the hospitals of the poor, to the schools of Paris. His enthusiasm brought ridicule upon him, — brought poverty and the estrangement of friends. He was imprisoned by the Inquisition for heresy, and narrowly escaped a public whipping at Paris. At last he came to Rome. There he besought the Pope to grant him permission to form, with some of his fellow-students, a new religious order, bound by the three monkish vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience; and, by another severe obligation, to go wherever the Holy Father should direct its members. He and his brethren would serve the church in all countries. With some hesitation, the Pope granted his petition; and the Society of Jesuits began its work under the sanction of the Papal bull, in the year 1540.

This work was the re-establishment of the Catholic power, which had been so seriously weakened by the Reformation, under the guidance of men like Luther and Melancthon, Calvin and Beza. But the successors of these great men were of another stamp; while the leaders of the Jesuits, and of the Catholic party generally, were men of the same energy, the same perseverance, the same enthusiasm, the same unconquerable will, as those who had torn half the world from the grasp of the mother-church.

They had the earnestness and self-denial of the apostles. Their devotion to their cause, had that cause been a noble one, would have been worthy of comparison with that of any martyr in any age.

Such qualities must always win success. In fifty years after their establishment, the Jesuits were powerful in every Catholic and every doubtful country in Europe. They rescued France from the reformers, and saved Austria from following the course of Saxony. They even invaded England, in the face of severe laws, and disturbed the quiet of Episcopacy. Some of the sweetest verses of James First's time were written by the Jesuit martyr, Robert Southwell. Their power went on steadily increasing, and they soon acquired a vast political influence.

But, great as was their power among the nations of Europe, it was equalled by their wonderful success in converting the heathen. We may well doubt if the gospel, in the hands of the first apostles, spread faster than the Jesuits carried it. They overran India and China. They attacked Japan, which has not yet yielded to civilization. They penetrated the remote Abyssinia, going further into the heart of Africa than any European before or since. But nowhere did they meet with more signal and enduring success than in the Spanish colonies of South America, where they established the famous missions of Paraguay. Here the temporal as well as spiritual interests of their converts were under their charge; and the political economist, as well as the missionary, may learn much from the history of their enterprise.

In former times, the name of Paraguay was given to all that extensive country which lies south of Brazil and east of the Andies. It included what is now Patagonia, Buenos Ayres, and Uruguay, besides the modern country of Paraguay. But that portion which has been made famous by the labors of the Jesuits was limited to what is now Paraguay, and a small part of Uruguay. To few countries has nature been more bountiful than to this. Lying on the borders of the tropics, its temperature was favorable to most plants which love the temperate zones. The great rivers which water these lands were, in the time of Father Charlevoix, bordered with dense forests, in many places stretching far inland. Among these forests were vast plains, resembling our western prairies, where great herds of wild cattle and horses roamed at large. The soil, wherever it was cultivated,

yielded a rich increase. One great advantage, which the early writers do not fail to speak of, was the abundance of bees. The forests were full of them, so that the Spanish settlers were never at a loss for honey. The lakes and rivers were well stocked with fish, and the woods with game. But there were many things to counterbalance these gifts of nature. The wild beasts of Paraguay, though numerous, were not very terrible; but the lesser plagues of serpents and insects were almost intolerable. The whole country swarmed with vermin. Then, there were frequent inundations, ruining whatever chanced to come in their way. Worse than all, the atmosphere, full of the pestilence of marshes and of vegetable decay, engendered fatal diseases, which carried away thousands of the inhabitants. Such was Paraguay when the Spaniards made their first settlement there, more than three centuries ago.

The men who colonized these regions were induced to come by the hope of enriching themselves with the gold and silver which were said to be abundant there. The Rio de la Plata was so named because it was supposed to flow through a country so rich in silver that the waters glistened with it. Of course, little attention was paid to the cultivation of the soil by men in haste to grow rich on the produce of mines. Add to this the extreme aversion of the Spaniards to manual labor, and we shall see why the Indians were so soon reduced to slavery. The early settlers seized on those tribes who were near enough, and made slaves of them; and they were in a state of perpetual hostility with those more remote. The government, unable to abolish this pernicious practice, gave it the sanction of law, only in a milder form. Those natives who had forcibly resisted the whites were reduced to unqualified serfdom; the rest were a kind of apprentices, with some privileges. This law contemplated the final emancipation of all, but the avarice and cruelty of the colonists defeated its execution. About 1580, when the Jesuits first appeared in Paraguay, the evils resulting from this state of things were flagrant, and still growing worse. The Indians who were subject to masters perished in great numbers from hard labor and ill treatment; while the hatred of those tribes not yet subdued was more bitter than ever. The great design of converting and civilizing these savage nations, — which had been the favorite dream of Isabella, and the purpose of Charles V.; which had seemed to

devout Catholics recompense enough for all the toils of discovery and settlement, — was likely to be wholly frustrated. So far from growing better by their intercourse with Christians, the Indians were actually becoming more depraved. All this was plain to the Jesuits, and they directed their efforts to the removal of such monstrous evils.

They began by attacking the system of slavery, and the cruelties everywhere practised by the Spaniards. In 1602, Father Lorencana, a Jesuit preacher, with that boldness which has ever been the greatest virtue of his order, denounced from his pulpit the treachery of one of the Spanish officials who had seized a body of peaceful natives, and sold them for slaves. The government was exasperated, and Lorencana was forced to come down from his desk. But the judgment of Heaven, it was said, descended on those who had ventured to stop the mouth of the servant of God; and he was again allowed to preach. Still, though the clergy were everywhere faithful in their opposition to slavery, almost the only effect they produced was to provoke the Spaniards against them. The disease was too inveterate to be thus cured; and, accordingly, they turned their attention to another method of operation.

They now applied to the King of Spain for permission to govern as many Indians as they might convert, in colonies by themselves, from which all Spaniards were to be excluded. They represented to him the dangers to which new converts were exposed by continuing to associate with Europeans, — dangers which they could never hope to overcome in the existing condition of the country. The justice of their arguments was acknowledged; and, a few years after the bold conduct of Father Lorencana, they acquired the requisite authority from the king.

With joyful hearts the Jesuits now set about their proposed work. Early in 1610, Fathers Maceta and Cataldino started from Assumption, the chief city of the province, on their voyage up the Parana, to the country which they were about to civilize. Each morning and night, as they sailed along, they sung with their companions the hymns of praise which the church ordains. They noticed that the music drew great numbers of Indians to the banks of the river, and they instantly turned this fact to advantage in their missions. The fondness of the natives for music afforded the easiest means of assembling them, and keeping them

together. Before the end of the year, these two fathers had formed a large colony of neophytes in the country of the Guarani, to which they gave the name of the Reduction of Loretto.

F.

(To be continued.)

"THOU ART MY HIDING PLACE."

PSALM cxix. 114.

WHILE through the shades of earth I roam,
Seeking the path which leads me home,
In darkest hours forebodings chase,
And be Thou then "my hiding-place."

When waves of trouble o'er me roll,
When dies within my fainting soul,
Grant, Lord! thy presence and thy grace;
Be thou to me "a hiding-place."

When far I roam from heavenly bowers,
And thoughtlessly pluck sinful flowers,
Turn thou my erring, backward pace
Towards thine own self, "my hiding-place."

If sought-for blessings thou dost give,
May I them all with thanks receive;
If disappointed, turn my face
Upward to thee, "my hiding-place."

And, when Death's messenger draws near,
Dispel my every doubt and fear;
Conduct me hence to see thy face,
Then, as through life, "my hiding-place."

* * *

RELIGION A LIFE.

WHAT seems most of all to be wanted in the world is something which might be in reality, if not in name, a *philosophy of life*, — some principle of general application, so clearly defined, so rational, so solid, and so comprehensive, as to command at once the assent of every sound and reflecting mind. We have religions enough, doctrines enough, and philosophies enough; but no one of them, nor all of them combined, as yet, has furnished a practical and acceptable philosophy of life. We have natural philosophies, and mental philosophies, and moral philosophies; and all these, though valuable and indispensable in their respective spheres, do not supply the whole demand. We have philosophies of the future life, too; but these do not supply the world's present want. They all start with some assumed original or *primitive condition* of man's spiritual nature; and, at one vast leap, they pass to the *final destiny* of man's spiritual nature, — leaving the whole interval, of real active existence here, in darkness unilluminated and mystery unexplained. Then we have philosophies of human nature too; but these do not supply the want, for they are all sectarian or theological. They are not philosophies, but only theories, connected with, and a part of, some theology. They originate in, and are based upon, some proposition, in some creed or catechism, — some man's or some church's *interpretation* of the Bible. They all ask, and they all attempt to answer, these two questions: "Whence came man?" "Whither does man go?" — and the reply to both seems only a conjecture; for there is no uniform and acknowledged interpretation, either of nature or of Scripture. Yet common observation proves, that each and every particular interpretation is by the intellect transformed into spiritual nutriment, and the most fanciful theory appears to be converted by faith into a spiritual reality; showing the power of mind to transmute poison into food, or, at least, to extract the sweetness of honey from the bitterness of aloes. But, in conjecturing something as to whence came man's life, and whither goes man's life, the great interval is overlooked; leaving unpropounded and unanswered the only determinable question, "What is man's life?"

By chiefly looking forward to eternity, and overlooking time, religion has come to be regarded as a special divine grace, mysteriously wrought upon the heart, with sole reference to a final destiny after death. Thus the *church* is sought by many, as Naaman sought the Hebrew prophet, in the hope that some mighty agency may come forth, and, by a powerful and instantaneous operation, transform the soul from a condition of spiritual leprosy into a condition of spiritual health. They seek temporary excitements and extraordinary experiences. Impatient, and even angry, they will turn away from the suggestion of ordinary means to preserve or to restore spiritual soundness, as if ordinary means were less real or less divine than miraculous means. What! say they — discharge our duties, and be religious? Doing right! is that religion? Wash and be clean! be wise! be true! be just! be charitable! — is this to be religious? Why, then, seek the Jordan of the church? The Abanas and the Pharparas of truth and holiness may flow through the Damascus of our daily pursuits, and the efficacy of these waters may be equal to that of all the waters of the Sabbath Israel! And they turn away indignantly from the naturalness and simplicity of the direction, "Go to the stream of Truth, wash in the flowing waters of Virtue, and be cleansed from moral leprosy." No! divine as this is, it is not enough. *Some great thing* must be done; some storm of emotion must be raised; some astounding change must be experienced; some amazing light must burst upon the mind, or there can be no *religion*. Should God require them to cross an ocean, or climb a mountain, or fight a battle, they are ready. To support a foreign mission; to build a costly church; by prayer and fasting to mortify the body; to do some great thing, they are ready, if by that a debt of duty can be cancelled, or a catalogue of sins be blotted out, or the approbation of God be purchased, or a divine curse be averted, or a future heaven secured. . . .

Surely a broader light is breaking on mankind, and a more comprehensive knowledge is destined to sweeten all the bitterness of life, expanding the spirit of selfishness and jealousy into the breadth and warmth of brotherly affection. A searching and sanctified science is revealing the unity which exists in nature's diversity, the oneness of beauty which arises from the multiplicity of forms, and the moral unity of all human souls. Human freedom, and the capacities of mind, are great and undeniable

facts; and as the great moral interests of man are more and more seen to be similar and common, the flame of fraternal sympathy will burn more brightly; the gloom which obscure and selfish theologies have thrown around human life will vanish away; the grand harmonies of God's beneficence will appear to the eyes of the human understanding, and will sound along through the experience of the soul. We are all discovering that the indispensable condition of present and all progress, of present and all true and pure enjoyment, is the ascendancy of the divine and essential element of human love.

C. M. T.

THE JOY OF HEAVEN.

UGHT we to long for a home in heaven so much for a rest, — an eternity of peace for our world-weary souls, — as that there we, freed from earth's soil and stain, redeemed and purified, may render to our bountiful Benefactor a deeper homage, a purer gratitude, an unalloyed affection?

Should not the thought that, if we will, it may be our most blessed privilege to live with Christ, and, through all the cycles of countless ages, pour forth our never-ceasing thankfulness to him for the most noble sacrifice he made for us, inspire our souls with a higher zeal, infuse into our hearts a truer joy, than any selfish consideration of our immunity there from the toil and tears, the struggle and the strife, we knew on earth; all of which must sink into such utter insignificance, when we reach that higher point of vision, — the scales fall off our eyes, and we compare our own poor grievances with what *he* felt and suffered for us here? Oh! this is wherein I stand so self-condemned; I magnify to myself the afflictions, I fail in gratitude for the blessings, conferred by my heavenly Father. And I am ashamed to confess that the cry "Save, Lord, or I perish," springs far more readily to my lip, than "What shall I render to my God for all his rich benefits?" When the current of my life moves smoothly on, or lies sparkling in light, I am — oh humiliating thought! — far less constant in prayer, than when my "soul is cast down and disquieted within me."

C.

THE WISDOM OF THE SON OF SIRACH.

(Continued.)

CHAP. XXVII. 30. — XXVIII. 26. — VARIOUS SINS OF THE TONGUE.

XXVII. 30. FURIOUS anger is a sin to be abhorred,
And only the sinner is under its rule.

XXVIII. 1. He that revengeth shall receive vengeance from the
Lord,

Who will surely remember his sins.

2 Forgive thy neighbor his offence;
So, when thou prayest, shalt thou be forgiven.

3 Man keepeth his anger against man,
Yet asketh forgiveness of the Lord.

4 He showeth no mercy to his fellow-man,
Yet asketh mercy for his sins.

5 If, being flesh, he cherish wrath,
Who shall atone for his sins?

6 Remember thine end, and cease from hatred;
Corruption and death, and keep the commandments.

7 Remember the commandments, and rage not against thy
neighbor;

The covenant of the Most High, and overlook follies.

8 Refrain from strife, and thou shalt diminish thy sins.
For a furious man kindleth strife;

9 And a sinner sows discord among friends,
Casting his calumnies among them that are at peace.

10 According to the fuel the fire burneth;
According to the matter the strife rageth;
According to his strength is a man's passion;
According to his means he raiseth his wrath.

11 Hasty contention kindleth a fire,
And hasty strife leadeth to bloodshed.

12 If thou blowest on a spark, it kindleth;
But if thou spittest on it, it is quenched;
Yet both are from the same mouth.

- 13 Curse ye the whisperer, and the double tongue;
For many that were at peace have they destroyed.
- 14 A meddling tongue hath disturbed many,
And driven them from nation to nation;
Strong cities hath it pulled down,
And overthrown the houses of princes.
- 15 A meddling tongue hath exiled noble wives,
Robbing them of the fruit of their toil.
- 16 He that giveth heed to it shall find no rest,
Nor shall he pitch his tent in quietness.
- 17 A blow of a whip may mark the flesh,
But a blow of the tongue shall crush the bones.
- 18 Many have fallen before the sword,
But not so many as by the tongue.
- 19 Blessed is he that is armed against it,
Who hath not passed under its fury,
Who hath not borne its yoke,
Nor been bound in its bonds.
- 20 For its yoke is a yoke of iron,
And its bonds are bonds of brass.
- 21 The death it brings is an evil death,
More to be feared than the underworld.
- 22 It shall not lay hold of the godly,
Nor shall they be burned in its flames.
- 23 They that forsake the Lord shall fall into it;
In them it shall burn, and not be quenched:
It shall be sent against them like a lion,
And like a panther wound them.
- 24 Hedge up, if thou wilt, thy possession with thorns,
Lock up thy silver and thy gold;
- 25 But also for thy words have a balance and weights,
And for thy mouth, a door and a lock.
- 26 Take heed lest at any time thou shouldst slip in speech,
Lest thou fall before the lier-in-wait.

CHAP. XXIX.—OF LENDING, OF BEING SURETY, AND OF ACCEPTING HOSPITALITY.

- 1 THE merciful man will lend to his neighbor;
He that pours out from his hand is keeping the commandments.

- 2 Lend to thy neighbor in the time of his need,
And what thou hast borrowed repay in good time.
- 3 Keep thy word, and be faithful to him ;
So when thou art in need thou shalt find help.
- 4 Many count a thing borrowed as a thing found,
And give trouble to those that helped them.
- 5 Until he gets it, he will kiss his hands ;
For his neighbor's goods he will humble his voice.
But when he should repay, he will delay long,
Or pay in words of complaining,
Or in complaints of the times.
- 6 If he prevail, he will pay scarce a half,
And that must be taken with thanks ;
But, if not, he pays all as if robbed,
And gives him his hatred to boot ;
He pays in curses and reviling ;
In place of thanks, gives abuse.
- 7 Many by this wickedness are kept from good deeds,
Fearing to be thanklessly defrauded.
- 8 But be thou patient with the poor man,
Nor make him wait long for thy kindness.
- 9 For the commandment's sake, help him ;
And turn him not away in his need.
- 10 Lose thy money for a brother and a friend ;
But let it not rust under a store, and be lost.
- 11 Lay up thy treasure according to the commandments of the
Most High,
And it shall bring thee more profit than gold.
Lay up Charity among thy treasures,
And she shall deliver thee from every injury ;
- 13 More than a shield of power or a spear of strength
Shall she fight for thee against thy foe.
- 14 A good man will be surety for his neighbor,
But he that has lost shame will forsake him.
- 15 Forget not the kindness of thy surety,
For he gave his own self for thee.
- 16 A wicked man will ruin the estate of his surety,
- 17 And the thankless leave his deliverer in danger.
- 18 Suretyship hath destroyed many that lived happily,

- And shaken them like a wave of the sea;
 Strong men hath it unhoused,
 So that they wandered among strange nations.
- 19 A wicked man shall fall into trouble by being surety,
 And rashly become entangled in lawsuits.
- 20 Help thy neighbor according to thy power,
 Only taking heed lest thou fall in.
- 21 The needful things for man are bread, water, and clothing;
 Even a house to cover his shame.
- 22 Better the life of the poor in a lowly hut,
 Than splendid feasts in strangers' houses.
- 23 Hast thou little, or hast thou much,
 Be of contented mind.
- 24 'Tis an evil life, from house to house;
 For where thou art a stranger thou canst not ope thy mouth.
- 25 Thou shalt show hospitality, and have no thanks;
 Nay, seeking it, shalt hear bitter things: —
- 26 "Come, stranger, prepare thy table;
 And if thou hast aught, then feed me:
- 27 Go, stranger, make way for an honorable guest;
 My brother cometh to visit me, I need my house."
- 28 Grievous are such words to a man of understanding, —
 Complaints of his presence, and reproaches for accepting
 favors.

CHAP. XXX. 1—13. OF CHILDREN. 14—25. OF HEALTH.

- 1 He that loveth his son will persevere in scourging him,
 That he may finally rejoice in him.
- 2 He that chastiseth his son shall have joy in him,
 And, among his acquaintance, boast of him.
- 3 He that teacheth his son grieveth his enemies,
 But among his friends shall be congratulated.
- 4 Though the father die, he is not dead;
 For he leaves one like himself to come after him.
- 5 While he lived, he saw and rejoiced in him,
 And when his own death approached, he did not grieve;
- 6 Against his enemies he left an avenger,
 And, for his friends, one that would repay kindness.
- 7 But the overfond father would heal his son's stripes,
 And he pitieth him as soon as he crieth.

- 8 A horse not broken becometh headstrong,
And a child left to himself becometh wilful.
- 9 Fondle thy child, and he shall terrify thee;
Play with him, and he shall bring thee grief.
- 10 Laugh not with him, lest thou grieve with him,
And gnash thy teeth in the end.
- 11 Give him no liberty in his youth,
- 12 Beat him on the sides while he is a child;
Lest he become hardened, and disobey thee.
- 13 Keep thy son under discipline,
Bestow thy labor upon him,
Lest thou fall through his baseness.
- 14 Better is a poor man, well and strong in health.
Than a rich man afflicted in body.
- 15 Health and vigor are better than all gold,
And a sound body than wealth immeasurable.
- 16 There is no wealth better than bodily health,
And there is no joy better than a cheerful heart.
- 17 Better is Death than an embittered life,
Or than a permanent sickness.
- 18 Good things poured out for a mouth closed up
Are meat-offerings placed upon a tomb.
- 19 Of what use is an offering to an idol?
It neither eats nor smells:
Thus is one who is afflicted by the Lord;
- 20 Seeing with his eyes, and longing,
Like a eunuch gazing at a virgin with longing.
- 21 Give not thy soul to grief,
Nor afflict thyself in thy thoughts.
- 22 A cheerful heart is life to man,
And gladness longeth his days.
- 23 Love thy soul, and comfort thy heart,
And put grief far away from thee.
- 24 For grief hath destroyed many,
And there is no profit therein.
- 25 Passion and wrath shorten one's days,
While cares bring old age before its time.

